Off the Record

Now You Can Add Classical LPs To Grocery List

By JIM TAYLOR

As one whose tastes have always run to jazz and swing, classical music is a field in which I have never dared to tread, for the simple reason that I know nothing whatever about it.

There has always been the sneaking suspicion that perhaps I've been missing something, but at $5 per LP, who's going to take the trouble to find out? Now there comes a chance for us of the uncultured masses to do a little classical exploration without straining every muscle in the wallet.

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A supermarket chain has come up with an offer of 16 LPs packaged under the title "The Webster Library of the World's Greatest Music." Sort of a record-of-the-week club, the offer provides a balanced menu of basic classical music at only $1.59 per disc. As a matter of fact, the first volume is just 59 cents.

The offer is aimed primarily at the family that would like to start a library of classical music. It includes music by Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Dvorak, and many others.

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I can't say anything about the music, or how it compares with the higher-priced LPs. But the reproduction on the discs is first-class, and music was picked and played by experts.

There's something special for those who might want to get a little background on the music and composers. With each LP there is a listener's guide that contains this information along with analysis of selected themes from the work.

To me, the big thing about the set is the most ingenious job of packaging I've seen on any record promotion. The protective envelope, listener's guide and LP cover are all punched at the side. When all 16 LPs have been purchased, a special album is available without cost, designed especially to hold these particular records. The end result is a complete basic classical library in one album.

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Getting back to my kind of music, there have been some good popular LPs released in the past week:

"Same Cooke Encore" (Quality) is an LP designed to point up the versatility of Cooke, who does ballads on one side and swing on the other. The ballads come out best, notably "It's the Talk of the Town," "My Foolish Heart," and "Today I Sing the Blues."

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NEW SINGLES: **Thomas Wayne** and the **DeLons** have one that appears to be catching on, called "Tragedy." It's a nothing. . . . Talk about your oldies coming back, **Art Mooney** has released "Bye-Bye Blackbird" for MGM. . . . "Sea Cruise" by **Frankie Ford** is a rocker that might hit the charts soon. Ford is backed by **Huey Piano Smith**. . . . Finally, thanks to **Kay Kerr** for steering me onto **Jackie Gleason's** LP, "Music For Lovers Only." Trumpet like that you hear all too rarely.

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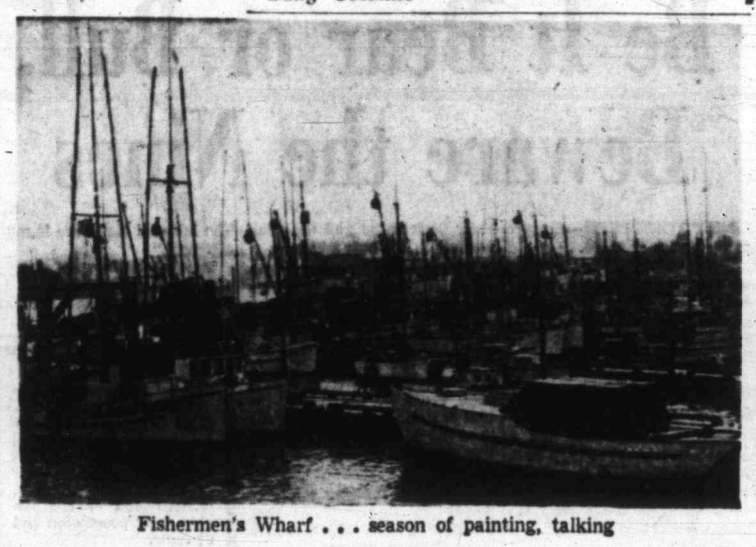

Fishermen's Wharf . . . season of painting, talking

* * *

The Blue Water

Good Ship Troll

By JOHN FREDERIC GIBSON

You know how the boats lie down at Fishermen's Wharf, bows east, tied up in neat lines against a backcloth of water, trees and rooftops? They look very white and clean on a winter's day when the sun shines and the water runs before a cool, sea wind. They have interesting names like Madaleine C., Nordic II and Troll.

Troll looked good from afar; she was a salmon boat and lay at the outer end of the wharf. Originally built by a Norwegian, she looked every inch Scandinavian, a double-ender with a marked sheer forward. She was solid yet nimble, capable of pushing aside the small waves and dancing over the big ones.

SIT AND TALK

George Holden bought her in 1949. When I arrived he was painting shellac on the echo-sounder while his wife, Edyth (the Y comes from Wales via Nova Scotia), was cleaning out one of the lockers. Because it was Sunday and the sun shone we all relaxed and lighted cigarets. It was warm inside the wheelhouse, a fine place, in fact, to set and talk about the vicissitudes of west coast fishing.

The Holdens live in Kyuquot, they will be home in March when the green is returning to the mountains and the men are preparing for the season. Edyth does not go out fishing, and after April 15 George sails alone each morning for the open sea. After 15 years on the coast he can navigate with compass and echo-sounder, tracking his way out in the half light before dawn to the area of his choice.

LONG HOURS

April to October. Dawn to dusk. Fishing can be hard work even when you return home each evening and no icing down is involved. The long hours either side of noon are the most trying to a man's patience. But he must wait out there until evening when the fish start biting again. George reckons to reach harbour, clean up aboard and sell his catch by 9 p.m. He and Edyth eat their supper any time between 9.30 and 10.

Each fall the Holdens lock up their home and sail north to Bull Harbor, thence south to Vancouver, Victoria and Port Townsend. This is their holiday, a liesurely voyage in sheltered waters during which they visit old friends. And Troll has to be painted, of course, her gear maintained, her engine overhauled.

In the past two years George has spent $4,000 on the boat.

George started by going after dogfish in a 15-foot skiff. This was around the time you could get $1 a pound for dogfish liver. The years have passed and the result is Troll and a very full and contented life for her owners.

LONG WAY

Meanwhile the boat is a long way from home, and it is during the winter passage from Bull Harbor that she meets unsettled weather. At times it is a question of rounding Cape Scott to meet a vicious easterly, of running from one gale only to meet another further south.

The Holdens have spent days at anchor in some otherwise deserted inlet while the wind shrieked overhead and Troll was held from the cliffs by her 40-pound anchor and light cable.

KNOWS LIMITATIONS

But any successful fisherman must be a good seaman and have a good boat. Then he knows his limitations and his chances of survival, financially or otherwise.

It does not take 15 years to learn something of the sea, but the longer you live on the sea the more you respect it. The old hand takes no chances.

Debaters Rocked At Oxford

OXFORD, England (UPI) —The staid Oxford Union Society never will be the same again.

Members absorbed in a debate on the status of the "middle classes" were shaken when novelist Nancy Spain cried out: "Who wants to live like the middle classes?

"One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, now go, man, go . . ."

At the signal a rock 'n roll band in the balcony broke out with "Blue Suede Shoes." An entranced society member jumped into the aisle to dance with Miss Spain.

The society hurriedly adjourned so everyone could dance.

THE VOICE OF ONE

By REV. DR. FRANK S. MORLEY

"In the beginning was the Word." Thus the Divine drama begins in the most astounding book in mankind's spiritual literature. What does "the Word" mean in John's Gospel? The answer is utterly crucial.

The Greek philosophers from Heraclitus and Anaxagoras down to Plato and Seneca meant a world-order or creative principle, a world-view by which divine truth or reason subdued chaos and flux to harmony, a divine mind, of which the mind of man was a part and which moved through all things. No thinkers ever soared higher than the Greeks, but in their loftiest moments they never achieved the concept of one God, the Father, Almighty.

The biblical concept of "the Word," however, was no impersonal reason. There is no pantheism in the Old Testament. Truth is always personal. The Creator was not contained in creation. Unlike the exquisite Egyptian hymns, the Jewish psalms never described God as part of nature. The God of the Hebrews was above and independent of nature, imminent but transcendent.

Importance of Words

Moreover the Hebrews attached an awesome importance to words. A word contained a mysterious, vital power. It was never a mere word, but involved action. Wisdom is personified as in Proverbs.

Philo declared that the Word was not only the sustainer of the world, but man's way to God! Thus the Word was the Wisdom and Power of God, the mediator between God and man, and also always personal. All this flames out in Jesus Christ; the Word made flesh, one Word only (per contra Arius) — God's only begotten Son.

These two completely different concepts of the Logos or Word have seldom been differentiated. The result has been catastrophic confusion.

Many scholars considered John's Gospel to be an effort of a late date to accomodate Christian Gospel to Hellenistic thought.

Mark's life of Jesus was considered truer, with John's Gospel nine parts John and one part Jesus. The Dead Sea Scrolls, however, confirmed John as the most Jewish of the Gospel writers, expressing most precisely the mind of Christ.

Here to you find no speculative idea of the philosophers, but the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God of Jesus Christ whom Pascal found.

Far from coming to terms with the Greeks, John flatly contradicts them: "He came—His own . . . the world knew Him not."

God Gives Man Goodness

John poses the basic biblical claim — Man does not reach God by reason; God comes to man through revelation. Man does not achieve goodness; God gives it to him. Christianity is not a "better" faith; Christ claims, "I am the Way." Against the sentimentality "All ways that lead to God are good," Christianity claims, "There is no other name under Heaven . . . by which we must be saved."

It is not the diffusion of culture but the demand of a crisis; not "a way of life," but a confrontation; not the laudable "art of being kind," but God's self-disclosure in Christ; not a theory about God, but a declaration by God; not good advice, but good news; not man's pride and egoism working out self-redemption, but God-revealing, God-sacrificing, God-redeeming; not achievement, but encounter, not "think harder," but "follow me," not realizing human ideals, but receiving God's realities.

So it is "hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes."

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The Car Corner

Why Always Italy?

Why a car design from Italy should be considered a masterpiece while an almost identical style from Britain is called mediocre and the same thing again from Detroit is scorned as poor taste, all goes quite a way over my head.

In some quarters, though, that's the way it goes. If it's Italian, it's good; if it's British, it's middling, and if it's American, it's bad. That surely qualifies as loose thinking at best, and I'm afraid one of the worst offenders is our beloved Road and Track magazine.

The truth of it all is that Italy definitely leads the world in car design, but there are enough flashes of brilliance from the others to put the lesser Italian efforts in a poor light.

Take, for example, that burst of Detroit originality, the 1959 Buick. Apart from its breaking of the classic rule of form-follows-function, and the fact that it bears very little relationship to the necessary shape for a mode of transportation, it's a very well-designed package, clean, neat, well-integrated.

Or take that magnificent Briton, the Rolls Royce, which borrows nothing from anybody in its design and is one of the most beautiful things on wheels. Or the Jaguar XK-series roadsters.

Every year at Turin, the Italians trot out their finest coachwork — acres of aluminum and glass, almost all of it superb in line and detail. But it isn't the only good work being done. Just the best.

* * *

All of which leads us to Point B: the British trend toward farming out design work to people like Pinin Farina. Lord knows some of them need help, and some who haven't gone to Italy for it will have to do so soon or suffer in the sales rooms.

Latest line to have the benefit of a fine Italian hand is the often-stodgy Austin family. The new A-40 is a highly successful piece of work. The A-55, also done by Farina, is the first Austin in history with tail fins.

(The A-55, just announced, will be available any day now. I hope to have a full story on it soon.)

While all this has been going on, there have been a few stout British shoes with their heels well dug in, as witness this letter to the editor of a motoring magazine over there:

"Farina and his countrymen are getting fabulous sums of money for doing a job which many Britons, given the right opportunities, could execute far more successfully . . .

"It is utter stupidity in a country which relies so much on its automobile industry to place the reins in the hands of foreigners. The British industry must wake up, sack these foreigners and employ Britons of real talent . . ."

* * *

Speaking for myself, I look first at the car and then at who made it.

Any of you nature-lovers who went down to watch the stormy sea the other day and had your cars drenched in salt spray had better get out the old garden hose and wash them thoroughly right away. Pay special attention to the running gear and the rest of the underside, because that salt is murder on metal. Better clean off the chromework pretty carefully, too, or it will soon turn a grisly shade of brown.

Stockholm's 'Fair Lady'

Can Eliza Doolittle Find Happiness In Swedish Slang?

STOCKHOLM (UPI)—The most ballyhooed musical in New York and London theatre history, "My Fair Lady," opened here last night in its first non-English production.

It raised the question: Can a poor flower girl named Eliza Doolittle find happiness, and the backers a return on their investment, if her Cockney twang becomes Swedish slang?

Despite first night cheers from an invited audience, producer Lars Schmidt, newly wed to actress Ingrid Bergman, is waiting for the critics' verdict with his fingers crossed. And with reason.

MOUNTING COSTS

Production costs for the Loewe-Lerner version of Shaw's "Pygmalion" already have mounted past the $100,000 mark.

Among the principals, only Ulla Sallert, who plays Eliza, has appeared in other stage musicals. And the Cockney dialect and slang that gave the original its flavor just doesn't exist in the Swedish.

There's no such thing, even among this city's well-scrubbed slums, of dropping "h's" here and putting them in there.

Translator Goesta Ryebrandt admits he licked the problem by giving up.

"I felt relieved once during the work," he said. "It was after I had to write the script about five times and found out the whole thing was impossible."

After that, he spent a year substituting Stockholm slang for Cockney.

Producer Schmidt liked it. "I think Rybrandt made a splendid work of his task," he said.

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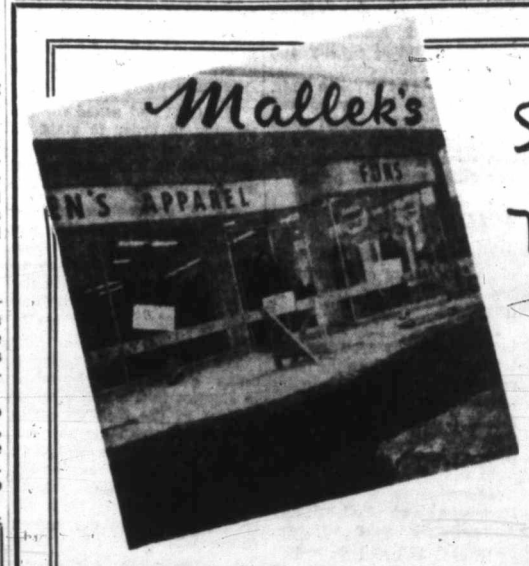
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